

SILENT WORKER.

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THE DUMB SHALL SPEAK.

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

The dumb shall speak and the deaf shall hear,
In the brighter days to come,
When they have passed through the trials
and troubles of life,
To a higher and happier home.

They shall hear the trumpet's fearful blast,
And the crash of the rending tomb.
And the sinner's cry of agony,
As he wakes to his dreaded doom.

And the conqueror's shout and the ransomed's song
On their opened ear shall fall,
And the tongue of the dumb in chorus of praise,
Shall be louder and higher than all.

O, Thou! whose still small voice can need no ear
To the heart its message to bear,
Who canst hear the throat of the answering heart
As it swells in the fulness of prayer.

Speak in thy pity and power, to these
Who only Thee can hear,
And bend to the cell of their speaking hearts
Thine ever listening ear.

The Hearing of School Children.

The result of the examination of 9,000 school children in various cities of America and Europe is that the average of pupils who have defective hearing is 26 per cent. There were twice as many with defective hearing among backward children as among forward children. Teachers are strongly urged to keep in mind the liability of existing impairment of hearing in backward children, and either give them nearer seats, with their best ear toward the desk, or teach them in separate classes. All boxing of the ears of children should be stringently prohibited.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Anecdotes of the Deaf.

EPITAPH.

In St. Modwen's Church yard at Burton-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, the following inscription has been copied from the tombstone of a deaf and dumb man:

This Stone
Was raised by Subscription
To the memory of
THOMAS STOKES,
An eccentric and much-respected
deaf and dumb man,
Better known by the name of
DUMB TOM.
Who departed this life, Feb. 25th.,
1837, Aged 57 years.

"What man can pause, and charge the senseless dust
With fraud, or subtlety, or aught unjust?
How few can conscientiously declare
Their acts have been as honourably fair?
No gilded bait, no heart-ensnaring meed,
Could bribe poor Stokes to one dishonest deed:
Firm in attachment, to his friends most true—
Though deaf and dumb he was excell'd by few
Go, ye nature formed, without defect,
And copy Tom and gain as much respect."

"JACK THE DUMB BOY."

How the Heavenly Bodies Were Made Mystified Him.

Though at First Thought to be Hopelessly Stupid He Surprised Everybody by His Wonderful Tact.

One chilly day in October, 1823, a little deaf-mute was brought to the house of Mrs. Tonna, near Kilkenny, Ireland. The lady, who, under the pen-name of Charlotte Elizabeth, was at that time a well-known writer of religious stories, took a kind interest in the poor fellow, and gave him a home in her household. The boy was eleven years old, but so stunted and puny that he seemed hardly nine. He was uncouth and dull in appearance, and seemed, at first, to be hopelessly stupid. His kind friend was not easily discouraged, and after long and patient effort, she had the pleasure of finding that he began to understand her meaning, and as his mind gradually expanded, he developed an uncommon degree of thoughtfulness and eagerness to learn. He mastered the finger alphabet, and learned the names of familiar objects, and between himself and his teacher there grew up a language of signs in which they could talk freely. One of the first problems which puzzled Jack, when his mind began to work actively on the things about him, was the exact difference between himself and his favorite dog.

Both, he said in signs, could walk and run, eat, sleep and play, neither could talk; but yet he was sure that he and the dog were not alike. "What? What?" he spelled on his fingers, with an angry shake of his head.

Not long after this, he came to Mrs. Tonna to ask for an explanation of the sun, moon and stars. She told him that God made them, which satisfied him, as he felt sure that he quite understood how these heavenly bodies were made. The moon was rolled up like a big dumpling and was set whirling over the tops of the trees, while the stars were cut out with large scissors, and stuck into the wall of the firmament with the end of the thumb. The sun was not included in his theory, as he could not look at it long enough to find out how it was made.

The next day Jack came to Mrs. Tonna, very angry, and made signs that her tongue ought to be pulled out, because she had told a lie. He had been everywhere looking for God; in the street, through the fields and the wood—he had even got up in the night, but he saw no man large and strong enough to put the sun and the moon up in the sky. He pointed to her and spelled, "bad," then upward and spelled, "No God, no!" shaking his head

sadly. A thought struck her, she took the bellows which hung by the fireplace and blew on his hands. He shook his head and frowned, saying he did not like it. Mrs. Tonna repeated the blast, he was very angry and said she was bad. She innocently asked "What?" and looking all around in imitation of his manner, said "Wind—no," and made signs that his tongue must come out.

He seized the idea at once and said "God like wind. God like wind!" From that time he always seemed to think of God in connection with every act of his life. He became very kind and tender to all living things, often saying of them, "God made." At first he excepted worms, as they seemed to come up from the world below, but, on reflection, he concluded that God made them also, rolling them up in the crust of the earth like currants in dough. When he had reasoned this out, he would not even allow any one to dig worms for bait.

His kind friend and teacher now wished to teach him some of the doctrines of the Christian religion. She showed him a picture of many people falling into a pit from which flames were coming out. Then she showed him a picture of people going up into heaven, and a picture of the crucifixion, giving Jack to understand that the crucified one had suffered in the stead of all these who were rescued from the flames. Jack's eyes kindled, but suddenly his face clouded and he spelled out on his fingers, "Many, One—What?"—meaning that one person could not be an equivalent for such a number. His friend, for reply, took a handful of withered flowers from a vase that stood on the table and scattered them on the floor, and pointing to the flowers spelled "Many;" then taking a gold ring from her finger, she spelled, "One!" The poor boy caught her meaning; the one gold ring was of more value than the many withered flowers, and so the One whom he saw on the cross was so great and good that His suffering might be an equivalent for those of the many like himself. His face lit up with joy and love, and he spelled on his fingers "Good One! good One! Jack very love good One!"

In 1824 Mrs. Tonna removed to England. She took Jack with her, and as he had never before been in the city, she expected that the fine buildings and other sights would interest him very much. To her surprise, however, he only asked whether "God made," and learning that all these things were the work of men, he showed no further curiosity. A rocking horse which he saw in a toyshop, with its covering of hair and its glass eyes, seemed to him beyond human skill to make, and he insisted on pronouncing this "God made."

In his nineteenth year Jack's health, which had always been delicate, began to fail entirely, and it was evident that he could not live long.

His kind friend, to whose instruction he owed so much, was one day talking to him about death and what was beyond. Jack said in signs that God had a large book in which he wrote all the "bads." That one page was headed "Jack Brith, and that God would look down the page and would see no "bad." "Have you never done anything bad?" asked Mrs. Tonna. "O yes, many, many bads," was the answer. But then, he went on to say in signs, the One who was nailed to the cross would draw the nail out from his hand, and would let the blood flow over the record of Jack's "bads," when there would be nothing left to show against him. Mrs. Tonna says that this idea was entirely original, as no one had ever taught it to him, and his knowledge of language was not sufficient for him to get the idea from books.

He died at the age of twenty, leaving behind him the tenderest recollections in the hearts of his kind friends. Mrs. Tonna never forgot him, and when, on her death bed, her husband spelled on his fingers "Jack," her eye kindled, and, though unable to speak, she showed signs of pleasure in the hope of soon meeting her old friend and pupil "Jack the Dumb Boy."

Married.

The blessing conferred on the dumb by such men as Gallaudet, making language possible to mutes, and even rapid and easy, may be appreciated when we read examples of the inconvenience these people endured in old times. In the following instance, as described, the pantomime was intelligible enough but the whole made a somewhat comical performance:

A queer marriage ceremony was that performed in Queen Elizabeth's reign before the deaf and dumb alphabet was invented, between Thomas Filshy and Ursula Bridget. Ursula could talk fast enough, but Thomas was a deaf-mute, and, as it was required that promises should be exchanged in spoken words, nobody knew how to manage the thing. Finally, the bishop of London helped to devise a service by signs, and Thomas proceeded thus:

Having first embraced Ursula with his arms, he took her by the nuptial ring on her finger. He then laid his right hand significantly on his heart, and afterward, putting his palms together, extended both his hands towards heaven.

Having thus sued for divine blessing, he declared his purpose to dwell with Ursula till death should separate them by closing his eyelids with his finger, digging the earth with his feet, as though he wished to make a hole in the ground, and moving his arms and body as though he were tolling a funeral bell.

There is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair.—*Carlyle.*

The ♦ Silent ♦ Worker.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH

AT THE

New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

TRENTON, FEBRUARY 27, 1890.

THE boys of the Illinois Institution have got their new uniforms, and a recent number of the *Advance* gives a picture of them in a group, and like the lamented McGinty, "dressed in their best Sunday clothes." The effect is very neat.

MRS. M. C. SANDS BROUN, who has been teaching here since last March, has been obliged, by failing health, to leave, her resignation dating from the first of this month. She hopes, however, that a few months' rest will restore her health, and, in that case, we hope that she may come here again to teach in the Fall. Mrs. Broun is an enthusiastic worker, and has succeeded very well in teaching speech to a class of beginners, almost all deaf from birth. She expects to go to California to get the benefit of the climate and to visit friends. We all wish her God-speed.

THIS has been indeed a remarkable winter as far as temperature is concerned. Dandelions have been in flower all through the season, and have even gone to seed. Many of the shrubs which usually bloom early in spring have put out leaves and have had blossoms on them two or three times. A frost would kill one set of blossoms, but a few warm days would bring out another set. On the 16th of this month wild daffodils were picked in the meadows south of Trenton, and during the following week crocuses and snow drops were in blossom in our flower-beds. We fear that we shall have cold weather in the spring to make up for this mild winter.

ONE of the long felt wants of this school has been a guest chamber in which one of the Trustees or any other distinguished visitor could be lodged in a style creditable to an institution of this liberal State. At their last meeting, the Executive Committee ordered such a room to be fitted up, and it has been decided to take the room in the centre of the building, formerly occupied by Mrs. Broun. It is to be furnished with an antique oak set, and will be handsomely papered and carpeted, and contain everything needed to make its occupant entirely comfortable. But it is characteristic of our Board that before providing their room they furnish the school with every thing needed for the health, comfort and education of the pupils.

THE season of Lent began last week—it came in on the 19th this year, and lasts for 40 days, not counting Sundays. Lent is observed by the Catholics and Episcopalians. It commemorates the forty days' fast of Jesus in the wilderness. Those who observe Lent do not go to the theater or to parties, and abstain from rich food and other luxuries. The first day of Lent is called Ash Wednesday, because of the custom of sprinkling ashes on the head in token of penitence. The day before Ash Wednesday is called Shrove Tuesday. It is called in French, Mardi Gras, or Fat Tuesday. It used to be a great day for feasting, because people had to fast the next day and for forty days after it. In Rome, the days before Ash Wednesday are called the Carnival, which means "Good bye meat!" and on those days the people have feasts and frolics and games in the streets. The next day all is changed and every one is solemn and quiet. Lent ends the day before Easter, and Easter, as all our pupils know is "Egg Day," a happy festival.

WE ARE glad to notice a growing inclination on the part of our pupils to read the newspapers and the easy and interesting books of which we now have quite a considerable number in our library. If they will persevere in reading and in trying to understand what they read, they will learn just as much out of school as they do in school. Here they always have some one to explain to them anything that is too hard for them, and by asking for help when they need it and by using their own wits as well, they can soon learn to understand what they read, and then reading will be a pleasure to them.

WE are gratified to see our esteemed contemporaries do us the honor of copying items of news and editorial notes from our columns, and we must say that our brethren of the institution press are careful to give credit for what they borrow. It is, we suppose, our misfortune and not their fault, that our little sheet has a name so very similar to that of our much better known neighbor in Philadelphia, that extracts from our columns are so often credited to the *Silent World*. Will the gentleman of the scissors department kindly take notice.

THE Committee on Discipline and Instruction met on Thursday the 6th instant, and appointed Miss Elizabeth Snowden, of Trenton, a teacher in this school. Miss Snowden is a graduate of the State Normal School in this city, and has, since her graduation, been teaching in the public schools. She is very highly spoken of by her former teachers and by every one, and we hope that her connection with this school will prove pleasant to herself and useful to her pupils.

ANNUAL REPORTS.

Condition of Affairs in Our Sister Institutions.

MARYLAND.

We have received a copy of the sixteenth annual report of the Maryland school for the Colored Blind and Deaf, in Baltimore. There are 20 children in the blind department, and 24 in the deaf department of this school. Suitable provision seems to be made for the education of the pupils both in books and in useful work.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

We have received the forty-first annual report of the South Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind. The wood cut which serves as frontispiece shows an apparently commodious and stately building, of three stories, with a central tower and airy piazzas. Of the four teachers of the deaf, two are oral teachers, but as there are seventy-four pupils, the classes must be rather large for oral work. Perhaps the number of pupils given includes those in the colored department, for whom there is another teacher, making five in all. Within the year a department of art has been added to the school, under Miss Georgie Decker, a graduate of the New York Institution. Various improvements have been made within the year, and the institution seems to be doing well in every way.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE.

We have received a copy of the thirty-second annual report of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, which, we believe, is the official title of the National Deaf-Mute College and the Kendall School for the Deaf, as a whole. The experiment of opening the college to young women has not been much of a success, as regards the number in attendance—there being now only eight female students. Congress, at its last session, in the face of an overflowing treasury, and while squandering money recklessly on all sorts of objects, repealed the provision for the support of students in the college. Unless this action is reversed, the college will hereafter exist only for the benefit of the rich, and its main usefulness, as holding out to a bright, ambitious, but poor deaf-mute, the prospect of acquiring a liberal education, will be destroyed. The report contains a full account of the quarter-centennial celebration of the founding of the college, which was held last May, and which we noticed at the time. Prof Draper, who represented the college at the World's Congress of the Deaf last summer, gives an interesting account of the proceedings. We trust that the next report will record the surmounting of all present difficulties, under the able management of Dr. Gallaudet, who has overcome so many obstacles successfully hitherto.

NEW YORK.

We have received a copy of the seventy-first annual report of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. The report, with the accompanying documents, makes a stout pamphlet of about 120 pages. It is printed at the institution, by the pupils, and the work is done as neatly and as accurately as any office would have done it. The printing department is under the charge of Edwin A. Hodgson, M. A., assisted by Mr.

George S. Porter, both gentlemen being deaf, and both educated men, who understand thoroughly the theory and practice of deaf-mute education, as well as the art of typography. In this department, we think that the New York Institution is at the head. The department of art makes a showing of its last year's work which is highly creditable. Several well known experts in various branches of art, including Mr. Walter Lenox of this city, examined this department at the close of the last term, and their verdict is unanimous in praising it very highly. What is still more conclusive in its favor is the fact that two of the graduates of last year were at once taken as art teachers by other institutions, and a third was employed by Messrs. Tiffany & Co., as a designer. The New Jersey School was fortunate enough to secure one of the ladies alluded to, and our Trustees will, we think, agree with the artists who examined her work last summer, that the training in the art department of the New York Institution has been most thorough and well chosen. The Directors sound the right key note in regard to industrial training, in the words, "our industries are conducted solely for educational purposes, and not for profit." In the literary department the institution keeps up its past high record. The greatest special advantage which the New York Institution possesses in this department is a large library of books adapted to the understanding of the pupils, by the use of which the habit of reading is encouraged. On the whole, the report is highly gratifying.

Miss Martin in Mexico.

El Universal, City of Mexico, says: "There has arrived in this city Miss E. C. Martin, an estimable American young lady who is the proprietress of a printing establishment and a newspaper of circulation in Dallas, Texas. Miss Martin is a deaf-mute, as are all the members of her family, composed of her father, mother, two sisters and a brother. This family of deaf-mutes, through close work, have not only succeeded in earning a decent living, but have laid aside a little capital. Miss Martin is traveling alone. On her return to Dallas she will write a description of our country for her paper."

Editor Ure's Visit.

Mr. Ure, editor of the Newark *Sunday Call*, paid a visit to this school, in company with Mr. Seymour, a few weeks ago, and showed much interest in the pupils and in the work of the school. In the issue of his paper for February 16th there appeared a long article about the work of this institution, describing the methods of school instruction, the manual training, the amusements of the pupils, and all the arrangements for their comfort and health. The publication of such an article shows that the people of the State are interested in the deaf and if the latter are not respected and kindly treated it is their own fault. If the deaf will try to do right, the public will do right by them.

The *Sower*, Detroit, Mich., last week, had a picture of Herman Burose, business manager of that paper, who is a young deaf-mute of marked ability. The paper is the organ of the National Developing Circle of Spiritualists, and Mr. Burose is treasurer of the society.—*Mute Chronicle*.

CONTRIBUTED BY PUPILS.

Matters Interesting to Them
Written for the Silent
Worker.

WESTON JENKINS, JR.

My birthday was Feb. 20. I am nine years old. My papa gave me a foot-ball. It is a first-rate one. I will let the little deaf boys play with it, but not the big boys. I think Stephenson would kick a hole in it. He is too strong. Mamma gave me a printing press, but it has not come yet. It is at John Wanamaker's.

KATIE EHRLICH.

Miss Bunting's class have a new geography, and they must study hard, so that Miss Bunting will be pleased with the girls. Some of the girls were glad because they want to learn geography. I hope they will be pleased with their geography, and I want to learn it too, but I have no teacher at present to give me it, and if I had a teacher, I would be pleased to learn it. I think Mr. Jenkins wishes the boys and girls to learn their geography lessons.

GRACE REDMAN.

Last summer my uncle went to the Blue Mountains. My uncle told me that he don't like to live in Newark, because he was very sick in Newark, he likes to live in the Blue Mountains, he is very well there. He wants to move to the Blue Mountains, but my aunt wants to stay in Newark. My aunt told me that she don't like to go to the Blue Mountains. My cousin told me that she wants to go to see my uncle in the Blue Mountains. I think he is very well and happy.

EDWARD M. MANNING.

Bread fruit is the pulpy fruit of a tree which grows only in the tropics. It is a beautiful tree about 40 feet high, with large bright green leaves. The fruit is egg-shaped, and when baked is said to taste like potato bread or like fine sponge cake. It is very nutritious. The tree always yields fruit during most of the year, and is said to be a native of the South Sea Islands. It is now quite common in the Friendly Islands and Society groups and in many of the neighboring islands.

WALLACE COOK.

The members of the base ball club asked for permission to cut down several trees, to make a nice base ball ground. They received it, and have them nearly all finished. The logs will be sawed into lengths and split up for firewood. I wish I was a better player so I could sign with the Juniors. The boys think the club will be stronger this year, they lost some games last year. Nearly all of us were disappointed because no ice came around, but we can have some next year.

John Jacob Astor, the New York millionaire, died at his residence, corner Thirty-third street and Fifth avenue, on February 23d, of fatty degeneration of the heart. He left a fortune of \$150,000,000. Mr. Astor got the "grip" in London; when he returned to America in December he was still suffering from the prevailing epidemic. But on Friday he complained of being ill, and went to bed in the afternoon. His doctor did not think his sickness would prove fatal. He died quietly and peacefully. His grandfather came to America in 1784, from Waldorf, Germany, and founded the house which has since become, probably, the richest in the world.

ELLA ECKEL.

Last night seven of the girls went to the Masonic Temple where they were to give a fair and bazaar, accompanied by Misses Flynn and Springsteen. We entered the house and found it gay, for it was festooned with pretty bunting, and made a magnificent scene. In the center were fixed all different sizes of fans in various ways; the Japanese parasol was on top which reminded us of the custom of the Japanese in their homes. It was very pretty to look at it. We recited the hymn "Nearer my God to thee," on the platform, and one of the seven girls, Carrie Staring, took the part of making signs for the poetry "The Star Spangled Banner." After the recitation we were kindly given boxes of candy by the man who kept candy in his booth.

ANNIE WOOLSTON.

Yesterday afternoon there were seven boys working in the carpenter shop. Mr. Peter Gaffney is the teacher of carpentry. I think some of the boys are improving fast in the carpenter shop. Mr. Peter Gaffney has been busy putting up the looking glasses in the boys' and girls' wash-rooms. Yesterday afternoon Josie Hattersley, Sarah Cassidy, Hattie Dixon, May Doremus and I went to see the boys pull down the trees, and they fell on the ground.

Impolite Hearing People.

We often see, in our institution papers, discussion as to whether hearing people in general treat the deaf fairly. We think, as we have said, that there is very little intentional injustice or impoliteness on the part of hearing people toward the deaf. The State and many individuals have been extremely generous in their gifts to deaf-mutes, and most hearing people feel kindly toward them. But we ourselves, have noticed that in one respect deaf persons are very often treated discourteously by those of us who hear.

A hearing person will be talking with a deaf-mute, when another hearing person will address him by speech; he will stop his finger talk and reply to the interrupter, and will then resume his conversation with the deaf person, and not a word said by either of the hearing persons by way of apology. We have never seen a deaf person who professed to be well-bred interrupt hearing people in this way, but we have seen cultivated hearing people act as we have described above, scores of times, and people too, whom we know to be warm friends of the deaf. In fact we won't take our oath that we have never offended that way ourselves. If we have, we confess our fault, and will reform, as, we doubt not, others will do, as soon as their attention is called to the matter. The fact is, we hearing people are so used, from infancy, to "answer when we are called," that we can hardly help doing it under any circumstances. And we do not realize, unless we stop to think, that talking with the fingers is talking as really as speech is. But we must stop to think, if we would not fail in proper respect to our deaf friends and to ourselves.

What a Boy Should Learn.

To be honest.
To hang up his hat.
To respect his teacher.
To help his mother or sister.
To help the boy smaller than himself.

MR. BALLIN'S LECTURE.

He Tells Our Pupils About the
Peculiarities of the French.

The pupils of this school enjoyed a rare treat on the evening of February 21st, when Mr. Ballin gave them a lecture on "Personal Impressions of Paris." In a very lively manner Mr. Ballin sketched some of the peculiarities of Parisian life, and recounted some of his experiences in connection with the World's Congress of the Deaf, to which he was a delegate. We will give a few of his points, although we cannot do justice to his graphic and humorous style, in translating what he said from signs into English. "In judging foreigners we should not think that every custom which is unlike our own is for that reason wrong. We think it odd to see Frenchmen eat snails and frogs' legs, but they, with at least equal reason, think our mince pies and huge joints of baked meat barbarous kinds of food. We think it absurd for two grown men to embrace and kiss each other, but the French think that our formal hand-shake is a painfully cold greeting. How we should laugh to see a gentleman walking down the street with his hair in a queue, with a velvet coat on, ruffles at his wrists and with silk knee breeches! Yet Washington wore just such an outfit. No, I did not go up on the Eiffel Tower. It would have taken a dollar of money and a whole day's time, and would tired me completely out. The only reward would have been that I could tell the people that I had been on top of the Eiffel Tower. I think it never pays to do a thing just because other people think it is 'the thing' to do. When you take your pleasure, do it to please yourself. You pay for it."

"In America, the first question a man asks you is, 'How is business,' the second question is 'How do you do?' In Europe, the first question is, 'How do you do,' and no one ever asks you about your business. It would be very rude to do so. I think that, after a man has secured a bare living, if a European, his first thought is to enjoy life while he lives; if he is an American it is to make money."

"Among American deaf-mutes the different sets or cliques are formed according to difference of wealth or education—in France there are two sets, the noble and plebeian. The former look down on the latter, because they think their birth raises them above the others, although the commoners or plebeians comprise some who in talents, education and wealth are quite equal to any of the nobles. The 'nobles' are all devout Catholics and Monarchists, the 'plebeians' are strong Republicans, and are less zealous in religion than the nobles, many of them being freethinkers."

"The French deaf-mutes are less ready talkers than the Americans. They are not used to debate, and can not understand how men who hold conflicting opinions can express those opinions freely and forcibly without losing their tempers or lessening their mutual esteem. The Americans, who are used to seeing the truth elicited by the conflict of opposing views, were greatly disgusted at the tameness of the proceedings of the Congress. The President made out a list, before each session, of the speakers who

were to address the meeting, and the only way to get a chance to speak was to see the President beforehand and get your name put on the list."

"I visited, while in Paris, Mr. H. Humphrey Moore, my old friend and teacher in art. As you know, he is an American deaf-mute gentleman and an artist of high rank. He lives in elegant style and has one of the finest and best furnished studios that I saw in Paris. He has studied and travelled in France, Germany, Italy, Spain and Morocco, and he spent more than a year in Japan. He married a Spanish lady of high birth and of great beauty, who is devoted to her handsome husband and converses in signs as gracefully and freely as any deaf person. One of the most interesting objects in Mr. Moore's studio is a saddle presented to him by the sultan of Morocco, which (if one may look a gift horse in the mouth), has been valued by an expert at one thousand dollars. Mr. Moore's success may be judged from the fact that he recently sold a small picture to Charles Crocker, the California millionaire, for \$4,000, and another, a little larger, at twice that price."

"As an artist, I was of course especially interested in the art display at the Exposition. I think the Japanese the people who have the most artistic feeling, but to me there seems to be a uniformity in their work. It is all good, but I could not find any distinguishing peculiarities in one artist's work by which I could tell it from that of another artist of the same school."

"One thing in which the Japanese style of painting is unlike ours, is that they do not try to represent shadows. I once spoke to a Japanese artist, a friend of mine, about this, and he replied: 'Why should you paint a shadow? It is nothing—you cannot grasp it.'"

A Good Plan.

Some of the older boys of the Michigan school have formed a club which contributes a small sum weekly for the purpose of buying such newspapers as they may desire.

Out of Danger.

Mrs. Jones, our pleasant and efficient supervisor of the female pupils, has been having a very serious time lately. She had a violent attack of rheumatic iritis, or inflammation of the "apple of the eye," accompanied by rheumatic pains in the arms and side. Dr. McIlwaine was called in, and feared at first that she might lose her sight. But the disease yielded to treatment, and in a week from the time she put herself under his care, she was out of danger. She has taken a little vacation with her friends in Brooklyn, and is now, apparently as well as ever.

Visit from an Old Pupil.

Wesley G. Gaskill, of Rahway, who left school last summer, spent Sunday the 2d instant at the school. He says that he has had steady work since he left school, at his trade of carpentry, and at good wages. He is the one who made the model of a frame house which has attracted so much notice from visitors, and he says that the building of that little house was very useful to him. When he came to work on the roof of a house, he knew just how to find the correct angle at which to cut the rafters, and how all the parts of the frame should be fitted together.

TALKED WITH HER ARM.**Where a Deaf and Dumb Girl Carries the Alphabet and How She Uses It.**

"James V. Dorpmann and daughter, Lodge Pole, Nebraska," is written in a bold hand on the register at the Ridgway House. Mr. Dorpmann is a tall, well built man of 60 years, with a long beard strongly tinged with gray. His daughter is about 19 years old. She has an intelligent, pretty face and the brightest and bluest kind of bright blue eyes.

When Mr. Dorpmann and his daughter first came to the Ridgway House they attracted the attention and curiosity of the guests by their strange behavior. Whether in the parlor or dining-room Mr. Dorpmann always sat on the left hand side of his daughter and tapped her left arm constantly with the fingers of his right hand, as though playing on a typewriter. His fingers skipped nimbly from the girl's wrist almost to her shoulder and back again. At intervals he paused and the girl smiled, nodded her head or else tapped her left arm in the same manner with the fingers of her right arm. The old man closely watching their movements.

The strange actions of the couple were subjects of continual comment and speculation among the guests. Finally some one noticed that the father and daughter were never heard to exchange a word. They always sat quietly when in each other's presence, and he was always drumming on the girl's arm as if it were a pianoforte. The girl kept away from the other guests of her sex, and was never seen in conversation with any one. At the dining table Mr. Dorpmann gave the orders to the waiters both for himself and his daughter. When Proprietor Butterworth met the young woman on the stairs and said affably, "Good morning," she never answered.

The strange actions of the couple occasioned such widespread comment and curiosity among the guests that finally Proprietor Butterworth approached Mr. Dorpmann while he was standing at the cigar counter one day, and after a few minutes of general conversation asked him to explain the cause of his constant tapping on his daughter's arm.

"So you've noticed that eh?" said Mr. Dorpmann with a laugh. "Well, that is how I talk to Hattie. She is deaf and dumb."

Mr. Butterworth asked him how he was able to converse with his daughter by simply drumming on her arm.

"You'll think it is easy after I tell you," he answered. "You must remember that we came from an obscure part of Nebraska, settled there with my wife a quarter of a century ago. Eighteen years ago, when Hattie was born, there was not a house within a mile of us, nor a city within sixty miles. As the child grew older we discovered that she was deaf and dumb. We were at a loss how to communicate with her. We were far away from a civilized community, and no one that we knew was familiar with the sign manual for deaf-mutes, so that the baby grew to be a child before we could devise a scheme to talk to her."

"Finally my wife hit upon a novel idea. She got a clever young fellow

who worked for us to tattoo the alphabet on Hattie's arm. The letter 'A' began just above the wrist, and the letter 'Z' ended just below the shoulder blade. Hattie was then 6 years old. In less than a year by this means my wife and I had taught her the alphabet.

"Then we began to spell out words by touching each letter very slowly with our fingers. As the child learned we became faster, and when Hattie was 9 years old we were able to speak to her as rapidly as a person can spell out words on a type-writer. Hattie, too, learned to answer us by drumming on her tattooed arm. Of course, for several years at first, when we wanted to talk to her, or she to us she had to roll up the sleeve of her left arm. Gradually her sense of touch became so fine that she knew without looking, just where each letter was located, and her mother and I, by constant practice, were enabled to strike these letters with her sleeves rolled down.

"The tattoo was not very deep, and by the time Hattie was 16 years of age it had entirely disappeared, leaving her arm as white and spotless as a woman's arm could be. But she knows just where each letter was, and so do I, for I have been drumming on her arm ever since she was knee high to a grasshopper. Of course, I am the only person alive able to talk with her, as my wife died about six months ago, but I hope to arrange so that she may be able to talk to others. While we are in the East I am going to get some one to instruct her in the sign manual. She is bright and quick and will soon learn."—*Inquirer*.

Good Advice for Boys.

"You must be sure of two things; you must love your work and not be always looking over the edge of it, and wanting your play to begin. And the other is you must not be ashamed of your work and think it would be more honorable for you to be doing something else. You must have pride in your own work, and in learning to do it well, and not be always saying there is this and there's that—if I had this or that to do I might make something of it."—*George Eliot*.

Sails and Decks Dyed Carmine.

Some remarkable stories are being told by the captains of steamships arriving here of their experiences in the January hurricane on the North Atlantic. Captain Treney, of the steamer Queensmore, of the Johnston Line, says that the most remarkable feature of the storm was a shower of red rain, through which he passed off the Banks of Newfoundland. After the shower, which lasted but a short time, the weather grew extremely cold. As soon as it brightened up the red rain dried like blood all over the decks and sails, almost dyeing them to a light carmine hue. It could be rubbed off like dust. This story is confirmed by a report given by Captain Inch, of the Rossmore of the same line. While Captain Inch did not run through the red rain, he reports that he sighted large quantities of red ice floating on the waves, which was undoubtedly colored by the rain, or whatever it may have been. The theory of the sailors is that the fogs for the last few weeks on the Atlantic have been so low and dense that the heavy deposits of red dust from iron ore lands may have been carried up and afterward dropped toward the ocean.

A HISTORIC HORROR.**Secretary Tracy's Disaster Recalls the Naval Tragedy of 1844.**

The dreadful disaster which has overtaken Secretary Tracy recalls the shocking tragedy of February 28th, 1844, by which two cabinet officers, a high naval officer and other officials were instantly killed in the very presence of president Tyler and his cabinet. The story of the tragedy is told in a graphic manner in the recently published "Diary of Philip Hone." In his entry for February 29th, 1844, he says: "Horrible! Most horrible! An express arrived at two o'clock bringing an account of an awful catastrophe which occurred yesterday at about 4 o'clock P. M. on board Captain Stockton's steam frigate Princeton. The vessel, which was here a few weeks ago, fitted up with Ericson's propellers, and carrying an enormous wrought-iron gun, which threw by the force of forty-five pounds of powder, a ball of proportionate size three miles at each discharge. The murderous projectile was named the 'Peacemaker,' and most deplorably has it earned its name, by making, in an instant, the peace of several of the most distinguished men of the country, and sending them where the wicked cease from troubling." As far as the accounts have reached us, it is certain that in discharging this gun with a ball, near to Alexandria on the Potomac, it exploded at a time when there was a party on board of 500 ladies and gentlemen, including the President and heads of departments (all except Mr. Spencer), with their families, naval and military officers, Senators and members of the House of Representatives, and all the distinguished persons resident and visiting at Washington. The effect of this tremendous explosion was the immediate death under the most shocking circumstances of Mr. Upshur, Secretary of State; Governor Climer, Secretary of the Navy; Virgil Maxey, late Charge d'Affaires at Belgium; Daniel Gardner, late State Senator of New York, from Long Island; Commander Beverly Kennon, U. S. N., and others. Captain Stockton was dangerously wounded and Colonel Benton slightly. Governor Climer's wife was on board. There were 200 ladies on board, but fortunately they were all below dining and drinking toasts. The voice of mirth and joviality below mingled with the groans of the dying on deck. Not one of the ladies was injured.

—*Boston Advertiser*.

Browning's Voice in a Phonograph.

The last time Mr. Lehman met Browning was in the summer of the year that has just gone. It was at dinner at the Painter's House, among the guests being Colonel Gouraud, who brought his phonograph. It was Browning's first sight of the thing, and he was like a child with a new plaything. When his turn came to speak he declaimed into the instrument his own "Ride from Ghent to Aix." Half way through memory failed him for a moment, at which he ejaculated, "Good gracious! I have forgotten the rest!" and great was the amusement when the phonograph repeated the half poem, and then, after a brief pause, the "Good gracious! I've forgotten the rest." The voice is now with Colonel Gouraud a precious but an eerie possession.—*Manchester Courier*.

New Patent.

Superintendent Walker, of the Kansas Institution, has recently patented and will soon construct an electrical machine for the transmission of touch, which he designs for use in teaching deaf children. It will be operated by a battery and induction coil and is intended to transmit electrical impulses to the hand in various locations, each different location representing a certain letter of the alphabet. Thus a teacher, manipulating a bank of keys as upon a type-writer, conveys to the hand of the pupil electrical sensations according to the location designated by each letter of the alphabet. It remains to be seen whether the device will prove practical or not.—*Columbus, O., Journal*.

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THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR Deaf-Mutes, established by act approved March 31st, 1882, offers its advantages on the following conditions: The candidate must be a resident of the State, not less than eight nor more than twenty-one years of age, deaf, and of sufficient physical health and intellectual capacity to profit by the instruction afforded. The person making application for the admission of a child as a pupil is required to fill out a blank form, furnished for the purpose, giving necessary information in regard to the case. The application must be accompanied by a certificate from a county judge or county clerk of the county, or the chosen freeholder or township clerk of the township, or the mayor of the city, where the applicant resides, also by a certificate from two freeholders of the county. These certificates are printed on the same sheet with the forms of application, and are accompanied by full directions for filling them out. Blank forms of application, and any desired information in regard to the school, may be obtained by writing to the following address:

Weston Jenkins, A. M.,
Trenton, N. J. Superintendent.